

here, with me by thefriendlymushroom

Series: [Stranger Things Imagines \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anxiety, Anxiety Attacks, F/M, Gen, M/M, Mild Language, Other, POV Second Person, Panic Attacks, no explicit romance

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Reader, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington & Reader, Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

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Summary:

When piled into the bus to fight the demodogs, reader has a panic attack. Steve helps them through it.

here, with me

Oh, god. Not here. Not now.

You couldn't have an anxiety attack *here*. *Oh, shit.*

You sat yourself in the corner of the bus, as far as you could be from everyone else. You couldn't let the kids see you like this, not when you were sure they were already terrified for their lives. You and Steve were the oldest—you had to be the strongest. You tried to keep your hyperventilating to a minimum, but obviously you weren't doing your best, as Dustin soon popped his head over the back of the seat in front of you. "Y/N?" he asked. "You okay?"

"Fine," you ground out between pants. Soon, Mike was at your side. Then Lucas. Then Max. Everyone. All crowded around you. Your breaths grew even heavier—you felt lightheaded. "Oh, god."

Then, Steve's voice was in your consciousness. "Hey-hey-hey!" he said, pulling Dustin back by the shoulder. "Everyone back off!" The kids scuttled back like you had the plague—well, more like, away from Steve. He still had the barbed bat in his hand.

"What's wrong with her?" Mike asked.

"It's a panic attack," Steve answered. He ordered them to go keep watch so he could talk with you quietly. Nancy used to have attacks like these—he hoped he could help you, too. The kids regathered on the other end of the bus. They were trying to not be obvious about eavesdropping, but it was very clear they were eavesdropping. You looked from them to Steve as the latter knelt down in front of you: close, but not crowding or threatening. He kept his voice soft. "Hey, what's going on here?"

"We're going to die—" Tears began spilling down your cheeks now. If you felt like you couldn't breathe before, you definitely couldn't now.

"Hey, I'm not going to let anything happen to you or those shitheads, yeah?" When that had no effect on you, he grabbed your hand and placed it against his chest. "Here. Feel this. With me." He took slow

and steady breaths. You tried your hardest to match. You weren't sure how long it was until you could think again—minutes? hours? You weren't sure. But when you could, you quickly realized where your hand was and who you were with. Color rose to your cheeks and you quickly pulled your hand away. You looked out the dusty bus window and wiped your eyes.

"You okay?" Steve asked you, now sitting in the seat across the aisle from you.

You looked over at him and took a deep breath. "No? Not really? But I'm better, at least."

"Good."

"You looked into each other's eyes, briefly forgetting where you were until Dustin's worried voice rang out. "Guys? We got trouble."

Author's Note:

why are my things always so short? *cries* Anyway, I'm accepting requests if you have any! Also on tumblr at kaylaxwrites.tumblr.com